

The Unholy City: Prologue

by OriginalTheUsername

Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-02-19 04:33:25

Updated: 2013-02-19 04:33:25

Packaged: 2016-04-27 04:03:46

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,691

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: This is a Halo fanfiction which is the first one I have ever done. I know the paragraphing and formatting sucks, but the next parts will have better formatting, paragraphing, and story wise. Bear with me friends.

The Unholy City: Prologue

It was peaceful. That was a first for a while. Usually gunshots, explosions, and screaming could be heard. But, for now, for this moment. There was peace. The only sound there was is the Phantom's hum as it flew gently down the giant tunnel. And the chatter of the group of Separatists in the Phantom. Lentin Muval was leaning against the back wall, he was muttering the Covenant oath, while shaking his head in disgust.

"Urrrrrughh?" A low voice said to the left of Lentin. He looked to his left, and saw a fuel rod cannon. Thankfully, not aimed at him. It wasn't aimed at all. It was the arm of a Hunter. Lentin looked up, and came face to worm head with the Hunter. The Hunter was looking at him in confusion, his head tilt slightly. Lentin grunted, "Hello E'glith!" He said in neutral tone. E'glith nodded, and went back to leaning against the wall; napping. Lentin looked forward, and observed the interior of the Phantom. Up front were a couple of Grunts sleeping in the corners. To the right was V'dul Ramaan, the Honor Guard. He was casually igniting, and denighting his energy sword. Next to him was a plasma turret, and an Elite manning it. Ilum Vansom; the Ranger class Elite. He was swaying it left to right playfully. To his right was a Grunt, rather intrigued by Ilum's gesture. On the opposite of the Phantom were two Elites chatting. One of them was Claey Astic; an Officer, he was talking to a Minor. They were discussing whether who would win a fight, a Grunt or a Jackal. The Grunts notes how they would win. "Me strong! Me can kick Jackal butt!" "Says you! I twice as strong, I kick more Jackal butt!" "Super food nipple is my diet, me super strong!" As they were debating, the Elites chuckle, rather amused. Next to them was the other plasma turret, and manning that turret was the other Ranger; P'ton Neclaer.

He was looking at the metallic walls of the tunnel they were flying through. The tunnel once served the purpose of shipping weapons and ammo from one place to another on High Charity. The tunnel was never used. It fallen into disrepair. There were broken tubes by the walls, flickering blue lights that barely stay lite, and the dark abyss below. It was also huge. And perfect for the group of Separatists to escape. That's the question that went through Lentin's mind. Yes, they were escaping, but, how long until they do get off this Unholy City?

He decided it would be best to ask the pilot; Kontree Mehzu, how long it would take to get to the other end of this tunnel. He stopped relaxing against the wall. He gave a quick stretch. He glanced over to the sleeping Hunter pair next to him, he couldn't help but chuckle slightly. He started walking over to the cockpit. As he was walking, he was passing V'dul. V'dul denighted his sword, and looked up at Lentin. "You have been asking him the same question several times now, you know." He states, not changing his expression. Lentin stops, and faces his Honor Guard companion. His glistening, crimson and gold armor now had dry purple and blue blood on it. "I have? I guess I'm just anticipated." He rubs the side of his helmet. "You're too eager to leave, brother. We should stay and fight, claim this city as our own!" He raises the fist he was using to hold the handle of the sword. Ilum stops his tomfoolery and looks pver at V'dul, the Grunt mimics this action. "There's nothing for us here now, we have said this many times already." Ilum notes. The Grunt nods in a agreement. They both gp back to doing something productive. Being stupid. V'dul gives a small snarl, "I suppose you're right..." He looks back at Lentin. "Have fun bugging the pilot with the same question." He teases. "Hmm..." Lentin ponders for a moment. "Okay, I'll ask him something else then!" The Honor Guard stifles a chuckle, "Okay, brother." Lentin nods and continues towards the cockpit. He reaches a door, with a holographic keypad on the right. He raises his hand, and presses in some Covenant symbols on the keypad. It flickers, so does the ring of the circle in the center of the door. The circle spins, and the door slides open. Lentin walks in.

The cockpit is somewhat small, and could only fit one person, the pilot. There was a floating pilots chair, infront of it were a display of monitors. They show the Phantom's main turret blue prints, and diagnostics of the whole Phantom. And in the middle, the largest screen of all, shows what was in front of them. Lentin observes the screen, the tunnel seems to be infinite. Kontree didn't even have to turn around to see who it was. "I already told you, I'll tell everyone when we reach the opening." He doesn't sound annoyed, he was only messing with him. "V'dul's right, I have been coming in here too often!" Lentin states. They both laugh. "But, I'm not here to ask that again." "Really?" Kontree turns to him, the blue eye holes of his pilot mask flicker, almost having a pattern. "That's a first, okay, what do you want?" He turned back to the monitors. "Do we have enough oxygen? And methane for the Unggoy?" Kontree presses a button to his left, one of the montiors turns on, it shows two bars, one blue and the other green. The blue one was oxygen, the other was methane. 'Oxygen level: 100% Methane level: 95%' "Don't worry, we have enough for the trip." Kontree assures him. There was a small beep coming from one of the monitors. "What was that?" Lentin asks. Kontree looks at the monitor, it's a motion tracker. It showed two dots behind them. Just then, Ilum came on the radio. "We have two objects coming closer to us! Banshees." "Oh no..." Kontree mutters. He responds, "Are they friendly?" A second later a small explosion

comes from the back of the Phantom, it shakes, but Kontree maintains balance. "Does THAT answer your question?" Ilum responds. Behind the door is a lot of commotion. "You should probably see how the others are doing." Kontree says, "I have things under control here, just get those Brutes off me!" Lentin nods, and headed out the door. There is panic. The Grunts that were sleeping were running around in circles with fear. The Hunters that were napping growl in rage. The Ranger Elites on the turrets fire at the Loyalist Banshees. One of the Banshees fires at P'ton. Plasma bolts fly everywhere. The other one attempts to take out the Phantom's back fins. Two Grunts assist P'ton. A Grunt Major aims his Fuel Rod Cannon at the Banshee. He fires. A small explosion occurs, he takes off the tip of the Banshee's left wing. It sways to the left, and slows down slightly. Claey manages to calm down one of the Hunters. Lentin joins him, and calms down the other. Many jumping motions and hand gestures seemed to do the trick. "Alright, you two." Claey steps up to the larger creatures. They look down at him, making questionable grunts. "One of the left hatch, the other on the right." He orders, point to the side hatches. They nod, and walks over to the hatch doors, and grab onto them. Ilum; who was already firing at the other Banshee, smiles at the sight of the Hunter assisting. Now with the help of the Hunter and a few Grunts. Even with the extra support, he begins to get frustrated after the Banshee maneuvers out of their line-of-fire. An idea pops into his head, as he steps away from the turret, and towards the edge of the turret bay. He looks at one of the Grunts, "Underling, take control of the turret, can you do that?" He asks, a small flame igniting from his jetpack. "Uhhhh..." "Good." He suddenly starts to float, his jetpack thrusting harder. He slowly flies out of the Phantom, and begins flying backwards with it. "Hmm..." The curious Grunt observes the Plasma Turret closely, and scratches his head. He looks up to the enormous Hunter, and asks, "How does work?" He tilts his head slightly. The Hunter shrugs. Ilum turns and flies straight toward the enemy flyer. Now realizing the oncoming Ranger Elite, the Banshee tries to swerve left. Ilum grabs the tip of the right wing, and pulls his way to the base of the wing. He takes out his Plasma Rifle while hanging on, and opens fire on the cockpit. He puts it to his side, and pries the cockpit open. "Huh?" The Brute Pilot questions, shocked, looking up at the Elite intruder. Ilum grabs him by the neck, and pulls him out, and threw him down to the abyss below. His screams echoed. "Vile ape!" He claims, taking control of the Banshee quickly. "I got control of the Banshee!" Ilum says over the coms to Kontree. He replies. "Excellent work brother! Mind taking out the other? We're taking damage to the back fins!" "Got it." The enemy Banshee, was indeed shooting the Phantoms back fins. The left fin was hanging on by a thread, the right was was smoking slightly. Ilum pulls back and gets behind the Banshee. He fires a Banshee Bomb, It hits right between it's back fins. The back smokes badly, and it flies down, under the Phantom. The Phantom's main turret spins and faces the Banshee, and opens fire. An array of plasma bolts heads right towards it. The Banshee barrel rolls, and the bolts sail past it, hitting Ilum's Banshee, only causing minimal damage. "Hey, watch it!" Ilum shouts. "Heh, sorry!" Kontree says. Getting over the friendly fire quickly, he sways left, and opens fire on the enemy Banshee once more. The Banshee flies up, side-by-side with the Phantom. Claey sees an opportunity, and aims at the Banshee. So did the Hunter, other Grunts, and P'ton on the turret. They, so did Claey. He fires four shots at the Banshee's right wing before his Beam Rifle over-heats. It's right wing sparks, and a tiny explosion occurs, blowing out it's right wing entirely. The Banshee caught fire. "Finish him!" Claey encourages Ilum. "Gladly." He shoots

one last Banshee Bomb. The back of the Banshee splits in two before exploding completely. The burning debris falls into the abyss below. Claey high-fours Ilum, and they look down at the couple Grunts. "You two did excellent. What are your names?" Claey asks. "Reporting for duty, I is Wayuu!" The Grunt salutes joyously. The other next to him notices his gesture. "And Sawup is Sawup!" He tries to salute, but waves his arm carrying the Fuel Rod Cannon Wayuuward. He accidentally hits his comrade.

>"Ow!" Wayuu yelps, rubbing his head.
Sawup gasps, "Me sorry."

>"Is fine, better than green burning thing." Kontree sighs with relief, and checks the radar again. "Alright everyone, there are no more hostiles. And we're almost out of here." He says over the intercom. The Grunts cheer. Lentin sighs happily. "Finally...We're going home." V'dul snarls. "Did you see our brothers skilled with taking over that Banshee? That can be used out there, on the battlefield! Helping our brothers till our dying breath!" His statement echoes in the Phantom. Everyone stares at him, and start whispering. Lentin walks over to him. "Yes, The Prophets are bastards for using us..." He grunts. "But, now is not the time to seek revenge. We must return home, and tell the others, no Sangheili warrior shall be trained to fight with the Covenant anymore..." He finishes. V'dul gives an unpleasant grunt. He ignites his sword, and began to casually ignite and denite it, he didn't say another word to Lentin. Lentin turns, and strolls over to P'ton. Instead of taking the proper position on the turret, he was leaning against it, lazily. Lentin smirks "Great job defending." P'ton rolls his eyes, even if you couldn't tell. Next to him was Claey, he looks ahead using his Beam Rifle as a telescope. "I think I see the exit!" He exclaims. Lentin stands by his side, using his helmet to zoom in. "I think you're right!" P'ton nods in agreement. "Almost there!" He claims. Claey's expression turns into confusion. "Uh..." He says, still looking throw the scope, but this time more down itno the darkness. "What?" Lentin says, trying to see what he's seeing. "I think...Oh no." "What is it?" Before he could answer, another Grunt; Baiyb blurts out: "Me hear buzzing." The Grunts agree. "Everyone, shush." P'ton whispers. Silence. There was buzzing, and it got louder by the second. Claey finally finishes, "Yanme'e." In an instant a swarm of Drones come up from the darkness below. Most of them go after the Phantom, the others, to Ilum. "Everyone, fire!" Lentin shouts. They are shoot the insect foes, taking a killing a good amount of them. But, some manage to fly into the Phantom. A couple chase the Grunts in circles. V'dul ends the chase by slicing the Drones in half with his blade. "Damn bugs.." He mutters. A group of Buggers cling to one of the Hunters. He tries to shake them off. They begin to tug on it's tentacles. It groans in pain. One by one it rips the Drones off it, and crushes them with it's foot. He pulls the last one off so quickly it tears the Bugger's wing. It screeches, and leaps onto the turret, trying to claw at P'ton. "Get off!" He raises his foot, and gladly kicks the Drone out of the Phantom. "Gah!" Claey shouts. P'ton quickly turns to him, and gasps at the sight. About five Drones have picked him up off the ground, and slowly fly towards the hatch. P'ton runs over to him and grabs him by the leg, and starts pulling. "Underlings! Shoot at them!" A few of the Grunts aim their Plasma Pistols and Needlers. "Unggoy aren't very good at shooting!" Claey shouts. But they fire anyway. Most of the shots hit the Drones, while the others just miss. A couple Drones explode due to a supercombine from the Needlers. The surviving Drones can't hold Claey, giving P'ton the upper hand. He gives a hard pull, and gets Claey out of the Drone's grasp. The fly about angrily, while the Grunts just kill the

remaining. Meanwhile, Ilum attempts to shake off the Drones by doing a variety of flips and maneuvers to get the Drones off them, but they cling on like leaches. They scrape and shoot various parts of the hull, but Ilum doesn't abscond. The other Ranger and the Officer raise their weapons, and fire at the Drones. After awhile of playing Duck Hunt, they kill all the Drones. "Are you alright, Ilum?" P'ton asks over the com. "I have some scratches here and there, but I'm fine." Everyone relaxes, except for V'dul, who is still standing, looking around the Phantom. Lentin looks over to him. "Something wrong?" He doesn't reply, he looks at the back of the Phantom, and spies something moving. A Drone drops down from the ceiling, and takes out two Plasma Grenades, and activates them. With quick thinking, V'dul grabs the Drone by the arm, and kicks it out. He turns around and his eyes widen to see the Drone has dropped the grenades. With split-second timing, the Hunters step forward and raise their shields just as the grenades explode. The Phantom shakes slightly, and smoke subsides. There is a small crater with scorch marks in the back of the Phantom, along with some orange blood. The Hunters took minimal damage from the blast. The Grunts cheer for the Hunters, and a couple of the Elites pat them on the back. They utter a happy noise. "Alright everyone." Kontree interrupted over the com. "Back on track!" The Phantom starts speeding up. The exit was getting bigger and bigger. Space could be seen, the stars and planets in the distance, and the remains of the Halo ring. "Finally, wanted to go home before I knew the truth anyways." P'ton says. V'dul rolls his eyes, and finally sets the handle of his sword to his side. "...". He sits there, looking at the ground. P'ton walks over to him, "Cheer up! Soon, we'll see our family and friends again!" He assures him. "...". No noise utters from his mouth. P'ton shrugs, and heads for the turret. Lentin follows, and looks out ahead. The exit was less than half a mile away. "Home...soon." Lentin whispered to himself. Some of the Grunts looked out as well, but, with confusion. Claey looks at one of them. "What is it, small one?" The Grunt turns and looks up at him, his eyes were drenched with fear and confusion. "We hear noises..." He says, turning back around and joining the other Grunts. He points out to the ever expanding exit way. Lentin looks up, so does P'ton, and the rest of the crew. Kontree observes all of the monitors, and keeps an eye on the motion sensor. Nothing. "Hmm...Ilum, do you see anything on radar?" He asks over the com. "No, I do not. But I'll check it out manually." The boosters on the Banshee's tail fins light up, and the Banshee pulls ahead of the Phantom. There was a soft humming noise, it got louder every second. Ilum was nearing towards the exit. The humming got louder as the exit seems to get bigger. Yards away from the exit Ilum's excitement was shortly lived as two Phantoms flew upward, blocking the exit. "What?!" Ilum shouts, slowing his Banshee down. The Phantom's main turrets point at the Separatist's Banshee, and open fire. With each hit, bits and burning metal fell off the Banshee. The entire back half caught fire, the Phantom's never ceased. After a few more shots to the wings, tearing them off completely, Ilum flew down and out of the exit, towards the ground below. "Ilum!" P'ton shouts, watching his comrade's flaming Banshee plummet to the ground below. Kontree's voice shook in fear over the com channel, "Open fire, open fire!" Without a second thought, everyone did so. P'ton was unleashing hell upon one of the Phantom's main turrets, Claey fires on the Brutes manning the side turrets. The enemy Phantom's fire remained focused on the Separatist's Phantom hull. Indentation and tears start to form on the front of the Phantom. Sparks flew in the cockpit, Kontree tries to maintain control. On the other side, Lentin, along with some Grunts, open fire on the other Phantom. Equipped with a Carbine,

Lentin attempts to take out a Brute manning the side turret. One of his shots hits the Brute's shoulder, he stumbles back, gripping his bloody fur. He shouts something to another Brute. A Brute Chieftain steps in-front of Plasma Turret raising UNSC Rocket Launcher. Lentin's eyes widen with shock. The Chieftain locks on to the turret. He smirks, and fires with ease. "Watch out!" Lentin yells, stumbling back over his own feet. The Grunts flee with fear. The rocket hits the turret, exploding on impact. The Phantom rocks, but maintains balance. The smoke subsides, the turret is destroyed completely, along with the edge of the closing hatch. V'dul; who was watching the event that just occurred, growls angrily, "They're using human weapons now?!" He slams a fist into the Phantom's wall, sighing in disbelief. The Phantom rumbles again. P'ton rallies the Hunters, and has them assist, though it doesn't help much. The Hunters fire at the enemy Phantom's hull, causing minimal damage. The enemy Phantoms keep firing, causing more and more damage to Separatist's Phantom. In a desperate attempt to escape the Phantoms', Kontree pulls down. The Phantom loses altitude slightly. It boosts forward, not only flying under the Phantom's, but also clearing through the exit. The Loyalist Phantom's didn't cease fire with the automated turrets. They were locked on the Separatist Phantom's back fins. Sparks flew, and fire started. Warning lights flash, and a small fire starts in the back of the Phantom. The Phantom starts diving downward. Kontree tries to maintain altitude, even himself knowing there is no hope. He sighs, and messes with the controls. The hatches start closing up. Claey and P'ton stumble back, already losing their balance. The hatches close completely, besides the damaged one. Kontree's eyes dart around the monitors, searching for a suitable place to land. He looks at monitor to the far left. There. "Alright everyone, we're going to crash..." The Phantom turns to the left, still in a nose dive. "...brace yourselves!" He shuts off the com, permanently. The Grunts huddle in the center, the Elites cling to the front wall, except Lentin and V'dul, with their backs against the hatch. One of the Hunters hovers over the Elites, the other, over the Grunts, almost guarding them. Sparks fly in the cockpit, all the monitors go dark, only a flashing red light illuminates the small room. Kontree slowly closes his eyes, he mutters the Covenant oath, shaking his head in disgust. The sounds of metal clashing against dirt and rock can be heard from afar. Smoke and purple flames can be seen. The mission still not complete, the Loyalist Phantoms' fly over to the wreckage, to eliminate any survivors.

End
file.